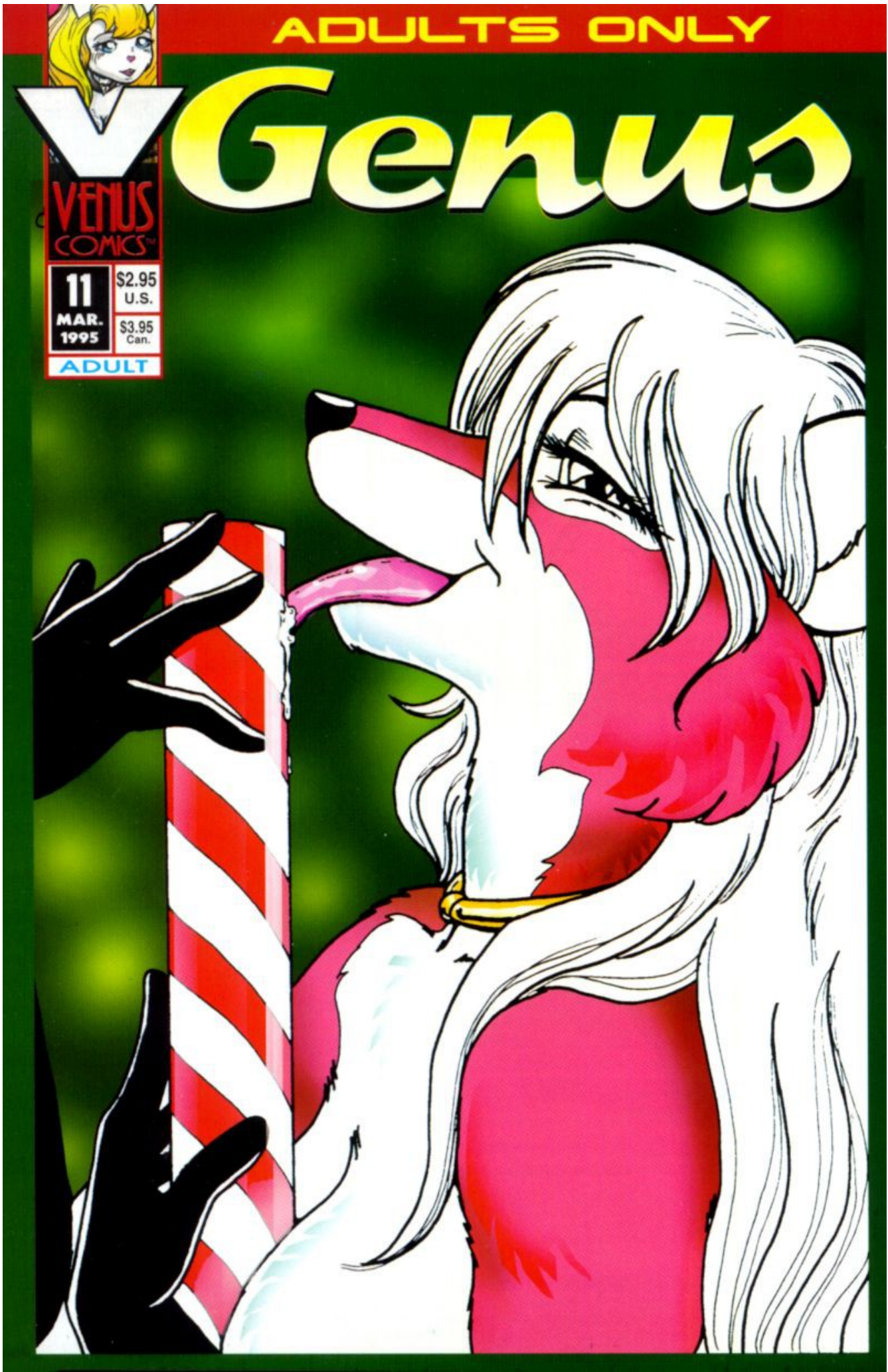
ADULTS ONLY

Genus



Genus

NUMBER 11 VOLUME 1 MARCH 1995

NOT FOR SALE TO MINORS!

TABLE OF CONTENTS

COVER *by Tygger*
FRONTISPIECE *by Brian O'Connell*
DOMESTIC TRANQUILITY *by Robin Lane & Kyla Littlejohn* ..... page 2
ILLUSTRATION *by Reuter* ..... page 14
COMMAND PERFORMANCE *by Kurt & Lute Wilcken* ..... page 15
ILLUSTRATION *by Toivo Rovainen* ..... page 21
MINK:TITANS *by Kjartan Arnorsson* ..... page 22

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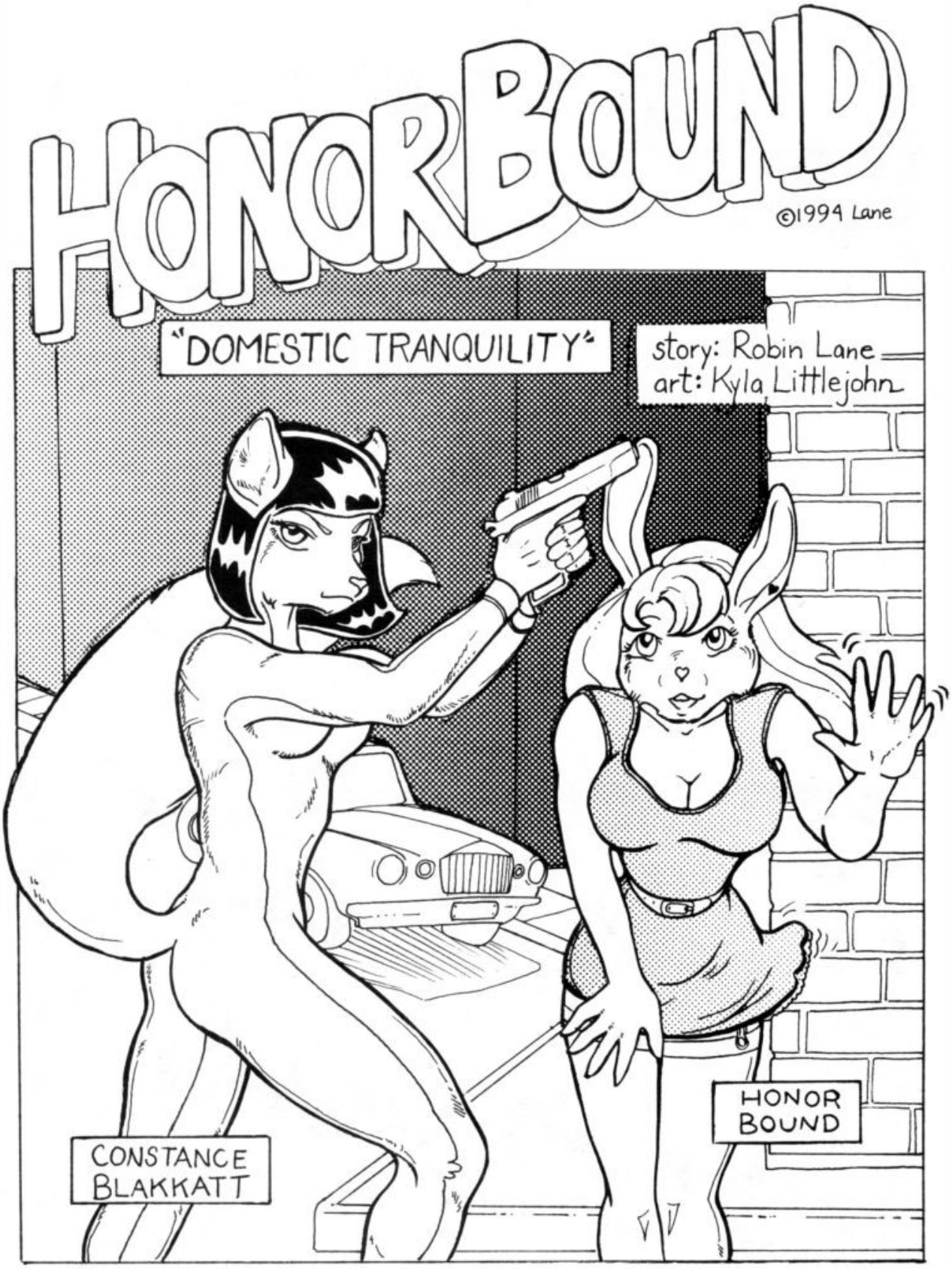
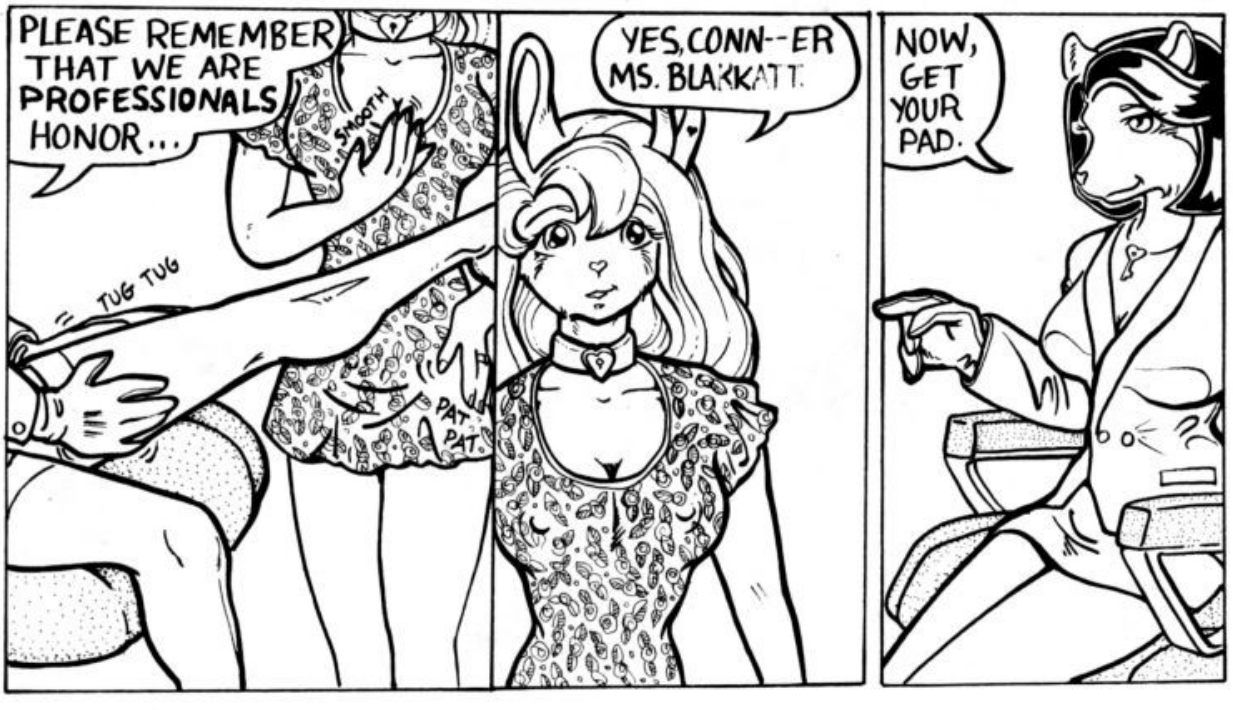

HONOR BOUND
©1994 Lane
"DOMESTIC TRANQUILITY"
story: Robin Lane
art: Kyla Littlejohn
CONSTANCE BLAKKATT
HONOR BOUND

WHY AM I SNEAKING AROUND? CONSTANCE IS NEVER IN THE OFFICE THIS EARLY.
AFTER ALL... THATS WHAT PI TRAINEES ARE FOR.
BLACKKATT™ INVESTIGATION and SECURITY
THE ONLY BAD LUCK IS NOT HIRING US!
FUNNY--THE DOOR WASN'T LOCKED. GUESS I WAS EXCITED ABOUT LAST NIGHTS PARTY.
BETTER CHECK THINGS OUT.
CHCK
HONOR BOUND
THANK YOU FOR MEETING ME EARLY MS. BLAKKATT--
IT PUTS MY MIND AT EASE.
YIPES
YOU SURPRISED ME! I'M SUPPOSED TO BE THE FIRST ONE IN!
SO MS. BLAKKATT TOLD ME. IT WAS LUCKY SHE CAME IN EARLY THO. I'M GLAD TO MEET YOU. YOU'RE A LOVELY SIGHT IN THE MORNING.
REALLY? PLEASE GO ON!
HONOR... WOULD YOU PLEASE PUT THESE FILES IN ORDER NOW?

YOU ARE HALF AN HOUR LATE.
SORRY CONNIE, I NEEDED TO FIND SOMETHING TO WEAR.
NICE CHOICE BUT--
OH!
THUD
WHAT SAY WE START A NEW POLICY? A SWAT FOR EACH MINUTE LATE...
YOURE THE BOSS CONNIE.
--ANOTHER FIVE EACH TIME YOU CALL ME "CONNIE" DURING BUSINESS HOURS...
YES, MS. BLAKKATT.
--AND THE LATE PARTY PICKS UP THE TAB AT RIX'S FRIDAY NIGHT.
SWAT
OWWWW!!!
OH MS. BLAKKATT-- YOU'RE SO-- OWW! ROMANTIC!

...


PLEASE REMEMBER THAT WE ARE PROFESSIONALS HONOR...
SMOOTH
TUG TUG
PAT PAT.
YES, CONN--ER MS. BLAKKATT.
NOW, GET YOUR PAD.

MR J.M. TYME THE MILLIONAIRE BOOK PUBLISHER-
OH! OF TYME LITE! I HAVE ALL OF THEIR BOOKS!
--HAS HIRED US TO FIND A MISSING MAID WHO MAY HAVE STOLEN SOME VALUABLE ANTIQUES FROM THE HOUSEHOLD.
SO, DETECTIVE TRAINEE... WHAT IS OUR FIRST MOVE?
PAD THE EXPENSE ACCOUNT!
VERY GOOD HONOR!
THEN WE GO SPEAK TO THE SUSPECTS FRIENDS.
IM GOING TO GO UNDER COVER AS THE NEW MAID.
YOU... IN ONE OF THOSE FRILLY LITTLE COSTUMES?
CHUCKLE!
THUNK!
HEY!
--AND I'LL BRIEF YOU, MIDNIGHT!
WORK ON THIS LESSON THEN MEET ME AT THE BOAT HOUSE --
BUT CONNIE, I--
I'VE JUST GOT TIME FOR A QUICK FIVE.

OH KNOCK IT OFF! TONIGHT WE'LL BE OUTTA HERE AND YOU'LL BE FREE.
MOUSIOR! THERE EEZ SOMETHEENG COMING UP!
WIMPER..
WATCH YOUR HEAD!
MAIDS SERVICE YOU BETTER
ZEY HAVE HIRED ZEE NEW GIRL!
DO UP YOUR BLOUSE.
WHAT ARE VEE TO DO SHE COULD SPOIL DEE WHOLE TING!
THE SAME AS WITH THE LIGHT FINGERED ONE.
OUI! WHEN SHE SHOWERS MY SEESTERS AND I GRAB 'EIR!
I WAS GIVEN SHORT NOTICE. WHAT HAPPENED TO THE OTHER GIRL?
IT EEZ A MYSTERY TO US.
YOU HAVE TO GET ALL OF ZEE BOOKS CHERIE. UP ON ZEE TOES.
WHEW! NOBODY SAID THIS JOB WAS A BALANCING ACT!
YOU DON'T THINK SHE RAN AWAY?
MAYBE TOOK SOMETHING WITH HER?
THAT EEZ ENOUGH NEXT WE DO MR. TYMES ROOM, SINCE HE EEZ AWAY.
<THIS EVENING WHEN SHE IS SHOWERING-- WE GRAB 'EIR LIKE ZEE OTHER ONE.>
<SHE HAS BEEN ASKING QUESTIONS. EET EEZ A WISE TING.>

WELL, THIS HAS GIVEN ME NOTHING BUT DISHPAN HANDS, SORE KNEES AND A TROUBLED MIND.
I CAN'T BELIEVE THOSE FRENCH TWITS DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THE MISSING GIRL.
I'LL HAVE HONOR RUN A CHECK ON THEM AND THAT SNOOTY BUTLER.
AH, HONOR...
get ready...
...?
GET 'EIR

WHACK
WHU!
OWW!!
I GUESS YOUGUYS GRABBED THE MISSING GIRL THE SAME WAY.
NOT QUITE MY DEAR. MORE LIKE--
THIS!
CRACK!

YOU'RE NOT SO TOUGH NOW!
MAIDS CLEAN IT ALL OUT
YOURE NOT SO TOUGH PERIOD.
WHO ARE YOU MY DEAR?
WITH THOSE MOVES CERTAINLY NOT A MAID.
DEES WAS IN HER POCKET BOSS.
AH... SOME SORT OF DETECTIVE...
WELL... WE KNOW HOW TO TAKE CARE OF YOU!
A PRESENT FROM OUR LEETLE SEESTER!
COME ON! ITS NOW OR NEVER FOR THAT SAFE!
GOOD THING THEY LEFT THE ROBE ON--
I'LL HAVE A CHANCE.
AND EVEN IF I DONT GET FREE--
--HONOR WILL BE HERE SOON.

OH! SHE'S GONNA TEASE ME..
FOR NOT BEING ABLE TO GET THESE THINGS OFF
AT LEAST I WONT BE LATE THOUGH.
BOSS! ZAIR EEZ SOMEONE PROWLING DE GROUNDS! MAYBE A CROOK!
SIGH...
YOUD THINK THAT A NEIGHBORHOOD LIKE THIS WOULD BE CROOK FREE
CAN THE THREE OF YOU HANDLE IT?
OUI, BOSS!
SLEDGE-R-US
I'LL HAVE YOU FREE IN A SECOND.
HOW FORTUNATE !!
DEES ONE COMES WITH HER OWN CUFFS!
MAYBE TWO SECONDS.
WHAT ARE VEE TO DO WITH ALL OF DEEZ GIRLS ??
I DON'T KNOW. WHY NOT KEEL ZEM?
HEY! I OBJECT !!
WHY NOT? LET US DROWN ZEE LOT OF ZEM!
HI! REMEMBER ME?
SMAK
NOT IN ZEE FACE!!
CRACK!
HI MS. BLAKKATT. I HOPE IM NOT LATE.

THERE YOU ARE! HOW HARD COULD THAT HAVE BEEN.
ASK ME, THIS LOT WOULD HAVE TROUBLE WIPING THEIR OWN BUTTS LET ALONE ME.
AND NOW YOU'RE IN SAFE KEEPING!
KRANG
WHY DID THEY GRAB THE MAID?
SHE WAS STEALING FROM YOU.
YOU MIGHT HAVE BEGUN INVESTIGATING.
SO THEY TRIED TO MAKE IT LOOK LIKE SHE RAN OFF.
EXACTLY.
OH PLEASE SIR! DONT FIRE ME!
IVE LEARNED MY LESSON!
WHAT DO YOU THINK MS BLANKATT?
I THINK SOME PEOPLE NEED MORE TAKING CARE OF THAN OTHERS.
MS. BLANKATT!
IF YOU JUST KEEP A FIRM HAND ON TRANQUILITY, I'M SURE SHE WILL BE HAPPY.
I WILL AT THAT!
OH! THANK YOU SIR!

YOU DID VERY WELL LAST NIGHT HONOR.
I DID?!
CERTAINLY. THATS WHY I BOUGHT YOU THE PRESENT.
WELL, I WOULDNT WANT TO WORK IN IT.
OF COURSE NOT. I BOUGHT IT FOR YOU TO PLAY IN.
CAN I ASK WHY I'M CUFFED AGAIN?
BECAUSE YOU DIDNT THINK TO GET THE KEY OUT OF MY DESK.
OH!
WHAT DID YOU WANT TO PLAY?
SNIK
I THOUGHT ID INSURE MY LITTLE DOMESTIC'S TRANQUILITY!
OH CONNIE !

END

"MAN-
BEATING
TIGER!"
Reuter
© 5/94

HERE IT IS: VILLA CUPIDINEUS, YOUR NEW HOME!
THE SLAVES' BATHS ARE IN THERE; AFTER YOU'VE CLEANED UP, REPORT TO THE SLAVEMASTER.
RIGHT.
HUMPH! PATRICIANS AND THEIR CLEANLINESS FETISHES! STILL, THIS IS BETTER THAN THAT GALLEY I WAS ON!
COMMAND – PERFORMANCE
MY, MY, WHAT HAVE WE HERE?
YOU MUST BE THE NEW MAN!
NARRATIO·PENICILLIQUE·AB·CURTIUS
ATRAMENTI·LITTERATAQUE·AB·LUTIA
©1994 KURT WILCKEN

UH, WHO ARE YOU?
DON'T YOU KNOW? WHY, I'M LADY IMPUDICITIA.
...YOUR NEW OWNER!

I ALWAYS LIKE TO HAVE A FEW WORDS WITH ALL OUR NEW SLAVES TO GO OVER THEIR... DUTIES!
URK! I MEAN, OH.

SO... WHAT IS YOUR NAME?
UH, FORTIUS, LADY.
WELL, FORTIUS, YOUR FIRST DUTY IS...

.. KISS ME!

KISS YOU...?
KISS ME.

....

Peck!

HUMPH! COME NOW, FORTIUS, SURELY YOU CAN DO BETTER THAN THAT!

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Details below

I THINK I'M GONNA HAVE TO MAKE **YOU** MY **FAVORITE**
UM... YEAH. WHATEVER.

OOO, WHAT'S THE MATTER? IS MY HORNY HUNK OF HE-MAN UNHAPPY?
WHAT IF I AM? LIKE YOU SAID, YOU **OWN** ME... IT DOESN'T MATTER HOW I FEEL ABOUT ANYTHING... IT'S MY **DUTY!**

BUT IT **DOES** MATTER...

WHY IMPUDICTIA! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? LADY DOMINIA SENT YOU TO FETCH WATER **AGES** AGO!
EEP!
WHAT?

STOP FOOLING AROUND WITH THE OTHER SLAVES AND GET BACK TO **WORK!**
sigh! YES, MA'AM

BUT... BUT YOU SAID...
I KNOW (hee!) I **LIED!**
TELL YOU WHAT, FORTIUS... MAYBE ONCE YOU'RE SETTLED ON YOUR **DUTIES**...

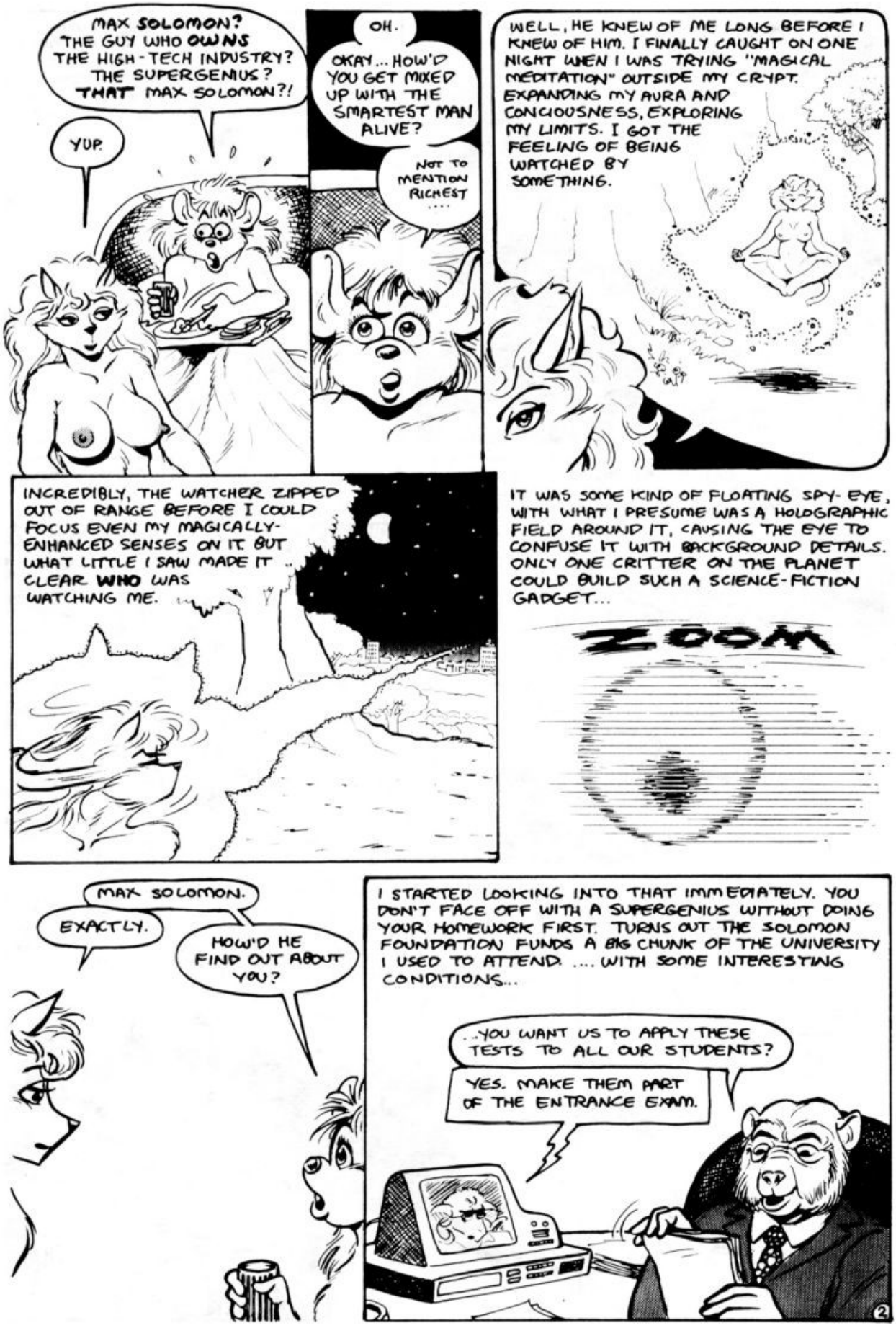
... WE CAN GET TOGETHER AND TALK ABOUT **PLEASURES!**
FINIS

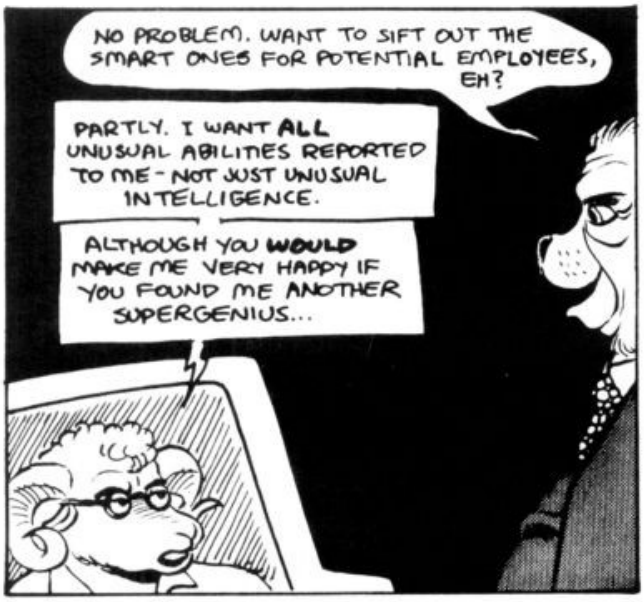
HELLO?
WHAT?!
NO, I AM NOT POSING FOR ANY NUDIE PINUPS.
NO.
NO.
NO.
OH, LIKE I WANT TO GO OUT TO DINNER WITH YOU.
IN YOUR DREAMS.

MINK STORY

BY KJARTAN © 1994

TITANS


MAX SOLOMON? THE GUY WHO OWNS THE HIGH-TECH INDUSTRY? THE SUPERGENIUS? THAT MAX SOLOMON?!
YUP.
OH.
OKAY... HOW'D YOU GET MIXED UP WITH THE SMARTEST MAN ALIVE?
NOT TO MENTION RICHEST ....
WELL, HE KNEW OF ME LONG BEFORE I KNEW OF HIM. I FINALLY CAUGHT ON ONE NIGHT WHEN I WAS TRYING "MAGICAL MEDITATION" OUTSIDE MY CRYPT. EXPANDING MY AURA AND CONCIOUSNESS, EXPLORING MY LIMITS. I GOT THE FEELING OF BEING WATCHED BY SOMETHING.
INCREDIBLY, THE WATCHER ZIPPED OUT OF RANGE BEFORE I COULD FOCUS EVEN MY MAGICALLY-ENHANCED SENSES ON IT. BUT WHAT LITTLE I SAW MADE IT CLEAR WHO WAS WATCHING ME.
IT WAS SOME KIND OF FLOATING SPY-EYE, WITH WHAT I PRESUME WAS A HOLOGRAPHIC FIELD AROUND IT, CAUSING THE EYE TO CONFUSE IT WITH BACKGROUND DETAILS. ONLY ONE CRITTER ON THE PLANET COULD BUILD SUCH A SCIENCE-FICTION GADGET...
ZOOM
MAX SOLOMON.
EXACTLY.
HOW'D HE FIND OUT ABOUT YOU?
I STARTED LOOKING INTO THAT IMMEDIATELY. YOU DON'T FACE OFF WITH A SUPERGENIUS WITHOUT DOING YOUR HOMEWORK FIRST. TURNS OUT THE SOLOMON FOUNDATION FUNDS A BIG CHUNK OF THE UNIVERSITY I USED TO ATTEND. .... WITH SOME INTERESTING CONDITIONS...
...YOU WANT US TO APPLY THESE TESTS TO ALL OUR STUDENTS?
YES. MAKE THEM PART OF THE ENTRANCE EXAM.
2


NO PROBLEM. WANT TO SIFT OUT THE SMART ONES FOR POTENTIAL EMPLOYEES, EH?
PARTLY. I WANT ALL UNUSUAL ABILITIES REPORTED TO ME - NOT JUST UNUSUAL INTELLIGENCE.
ALTHOUGH YOU WOULD MAKE ME VERY HAPPY IF YOU FOUND ME ANOTHER SUPERGENIUS...

I GUESS BEING THE ONLY SUPERGENIUS AROUND GETS LONELY. BUT WHEN I FIRST STARTED FOOLING AROUND WITH MAGIC, THAT DEFINITELY COUNTED AS "UNUSUAL ABILITIES": MAX WAS ALERTED, AND THEY HAD THEIR EYE ON ME EVER SINCE THEN.
CLICK CLICK

I DECIDED TO BEAT 'EM AT THEIR OWN GAME. I TOOK OUT THE GRIMOIRE, AND STRUGGLED THROUGH THE CHAPTER ON "SCRYING"

... AFTER A COUPLE OF FALSE STARTS, I FINALLY MANAGED TO PULL IN IMAGES OF FARAWAY PEOPLE AND PLACES.

WAIT... YOU'RE SAYING YOU'VE GOT A WORKING CRYSTAL BALL?
YUP. CAN'T SEE THE FUTURE IN IT, BUT IT DOES FINE WITH THE PRESENT.

WHOOO... DON'T LET ANY SPIES OR GOSSIP COLUMNISTS GET THEIR HANDS ON IT!
DON'T WORRY - IT DOESN'T WORK WITHOUT ME.

ANYHOW... I MANAGED TO FOCUS IN ON MAX SOLOMON, HOPING TO GET A HANDLE ON HIM. FIRST TWO TRIES DIDN'T DO ME ANY GOOD - HE SPENDS MOST OF HIS TIME ON RESEARCH THAT'S LIGHT-YEARS BEYOND ME.

THIRD TIME WAS THE CLINCHER. I FOCUSED IN ON HIM AS HE WAS WATCHING A TELESCREEN FOCUSED IN ON ME!
ONE OF HIS SPY-EYES MUST HAVE BEEN CLOSE BY. HE SAW AN IMAGE OF ME, HUNCHED OVER THE BALL, WATCHING AN IMAGE OF HIM, WATCHING ME!
HE DIDN'T TURN A HAIR. HE TURNED AROUND AND LOOKED AT ME.
THEN HE SPOKE THROUGH HIS SPY :
THERE'S CLEARLY NO POINT IN US SITTING AND SPYING ON EACH OTHER, MS. WALLER. WHY DON'T WE MEET AND TALK?
... SAY, AT THE SOLOMON FOUNDATION BUILDING AT NOON TOMORROW? I THINK WE MAY HAVE MUCH TO OFFER EACH OTHER.
IT LOOKED LIKE A DATE I JUST COULDN'T AVOID. I SAID YES.
WOW! A DATE WITH MAX SOLOMON!
4

WAS I NERVOUS? WAS I REALLY NERVOUS? YOU BET I WAS!! AFTER BERECKI, I THOUGHT NOTHING COULD SCARE ME, BUT THIS DATE HAD ME PETRIFIED!
I LAID ON EVERY PROTECTIVE SPELL I'D MASTERED SO FAR. UNFORTUNATELY, THE GRIMOIRE WAS WRITTEN BEFORE THE INVENTION OF GUNPOWDER, LET ALONE ELECTRONICS!
I TOOK "NORMAL" TRANSPORTATION TO TOWN... I DIDN'T WANT TO BE SEEN FLYING OVER THE CITY IN BROAD DAYLIGHT...
I ENTERED MAX'S BUILDING CRACKLING WITH MAGICAL ENERGY. I DON'T KNOW IF ALL THOSE PROTECTIVE SPELLS HELPED, BUT THEY DIDN'T SEEM TO HURT...
SUBJECT WALLER IS IN THE BUILDING, SIR. SHE IS SURROUNDED BY AN ENERGY FIELD THAT SCRAMBLES OUR SCANS. SHOULD WE...
A PSI WOULD HAVE A SUPERCHARGED AURA. PROCEED AS PLANNED.
... AND THEN, THERE I WAS, FACE-TO-FACE WITH THE SMARTEST MAN IN THE WORLD.
S

DO COME IN. SIT DOWN. WE HAVE MUCH TO TALK ABOUT.
FINE. LET'S START WITH YOUR APOLOGY.
APOLOGY?? FOR WHAT?
FOR SPYING ON ME, OF COURSE! I HAPPEN TO LIKE MY PRIVACY.
MS. WALLER, MY INTEREST IN YOUR ABILITIES IS ENTIRELY LEGITIMATE. THERE ARE NO APOLOGIES NECESSARY FOR SCIENTIFIC CURIOSITY!
OHHH, REALLY? MOST PEOPLE KNOW BETTER THAN TO OFFEND A FULL-FLEDGED WITCH!
HEH. THERE'S NO POINT IN THREATS, MS. WALLER. I CAN SUMMON TECHNOLOGICAL DESTRUCTION DOWN ON YOU JUST AS FAST AS YOU CAN SUMMON "MAGICAL" DESTRUCTION DOWN ON ME...
KUK
BZZT
HMMMMM....
CLICK CLICK
OKAY, OKAY, HOLSTER YOUR RAYGUNS. I DIDN'T COME HERE FOR A FIGHT.
OF COURSE. AND YOU HAVE MY APOLOGIES, MS. WALLER.
BUT UNDERNEATH, I WAS ANGRY. HOW WAS THIS POSSIBLE? HOW COULD AN ORDINARY MORTAL STALEMATE THE EARTH'S ONLY MASTER OF MAGIC?
THAT'S WHEN I HAD A FLASH OF INSIGHT INTO THE NATURE OF MAX'S POWER. MY POWER COMES FROM INSIDE ME... MAGICAL ENERGY FOCUSED BY MY WILL AND SKILL.

BUT "ORDINARY MORTAL" MAX IS SURROUNDED BY A VAST NETWORK OF COMPUTERS, ROBOTS, CORPORATIONS, SPIES, COUNTLESS MIRACLE INVENTIONS. HIS GENIUS HAS CREATED AN EMPIRE THAT CAN REACH AROUND THE GLOBE AND EXERT GREAT POWER.

THE SOLOMON FOUNDATION

MAINCOM WORLD'S MOST POWERFUL SUPERCOMPUTER.

MAXION 15

SOLOMON MANUFACTUR INCORPORATED

SOLOMON ATOMIC

HMMMM...

HIS POWER FLOWS OUT OF HIS MIND, THROUGH THIS NETWORK, AND BACK TO HIM. BUT EVEN THOUGH HIS POWER IS CHANNELED DIFFERENTLY FROM MINE, IT'S NO LESS REAL.

LET'S GET DOWN TO BUSINESS. I AM A MAN OF SCIENCE, AND I DO NOT BELIEVE IN MAGIC.

YOU THINK I'M A **FAKE?**

NO. - I BELIEVE YOUR ABILITIES ARE PSIONIC. THESE EFFECTS MY SPYES HAVE CATALOGUED ARE CREATED BY YOUR **MIND** - NOT "MAGIC."

YOU FORMULATE YOUR ABILITIES IN THE FORM OF "SPELLS", TO MAKE THEM ACCEPTABLE TO YOUR BELIEF SYSTEM.

HE DOESN'T KNOW ABOUT THE GRIMOIRE. THAT'S GOOD..

MS. WALLER, I BELIEVE THAT WHEN YOU USE YOUR POWERS - YOUR "MAGIC", YOUR BRAIN RESPONDS TO THE UNUSUAL DEMANDS UPON IT BY CREATING NEW NEURAL PASSAGEWAYS IN THE UNSPECIALIZED INNER BRAINMASS. EVERY TIME YOU DO A SPECIFIC PSI-ACT - A "SPELL" - THESE PATHWAYS ARE STRENGTHENED. A CASE OF "PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT"

IF THIS THEORY IS CORRECT... - THEN ANYONE WITH THE MENTAL AGILITY TO MASTER THE BARE BEGINNINGS OF "MAGIC", CAN LEARN ALL YOU ARE CURRENTLY CAPABLE OF. YOU COULD TEACH ME TO MANIPULATE THE PHYSICAL WORLD **DIRECTLY**, WITHOUT THE NEED FOR INTERMEDIARY MACHINES...

WHOA! HOLD ON, THERE! EVEN IF IT'S POSSIBLE, WHAT MAKES YOU THINK I'M INTERESTED IN TEACHING YOU MAGIC?!
MS. WALLER, I AM THE WORLD'S ONLY SUPER-GENIUS, AND YOU ARE THE ONLY SUPER-PSI. WE ARE TITANS OF THE MIND. AN ALLIANCE BETWEEN US IS NATURAL- EVEN INEVITABLE.
... INEVITABLE?! - CONFIDENT, AREN'T YOU?
THINK ABOUT IT, MS. WALLER. WHEN YOU WANT THE COMPANIONSHIP OF AN EQUAL, WHO WILL YOU TURN TO? WHO ELSE IS IN OUR POWER CLASS? WE ARE THE ONLY ONES OF OUR KIND..
ROAAR
HE WAS RIGHT. HE WAS A MATCH FOR ME. I DIDN'T DARE TELL HIM NO TO HIS FACE, SO I SAID I HAD TO THINK ABOUT IT - AND FLED AS FAST AS I COULD GO!
MAGIK
FLED? WHY?
ISN'T IT OBVIOUS?
NO!
YOU GOT A GUY AFTER YOU WHO'S SMART, FILTHY RICH, VIRILE AS HELL - A RAM, Y'KNOW - AND WHO WANTS YOU FOR YOUR MIND, NOT JUST YOUR TITS! D'YOU KNOW HOW MANY WOMEN WOULD KILL FOR A CHANCE LIKE THAT?!
YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND...
8

...HE FRIGHTENS ME! IF HE DOES MANAGE TO LEARN HOW I DO MAGIC, AND ADDS IT TO ALL THE POWER HE'S GOT ALREADY, WHAT FORCE ON EARTH CAN STOP HIM? ARE YOU READY FOR MAX SOLOMON AS GOD?
WHOO... -DIDN'T THINK OF THAT...

I COULD REFUSE TO GO BACK, BUT MAX HAS EYES ALL OVER THE PLANET! AS LONG AS HE'S INTERESTED IN ME, HE'LL BE AFTER ME - AND HIS INTELLIGENCE MAKES HIM MORE DANGEROUS EVEN THAN BERECKI.
BACK IN MY NERD DAYS, MY MAIN SOURCE OF PRIDE WAS MY BRAINS - AT LEAST I WAS SMARTER THAN THE OTHERS! BUT NEXT TO MAX, I'M A MORON! - EVERYBODY IS!
IT'LL TAKE HIM ABOUT FIFTEEN MINUTES TO FIGURE A WAY AROUND MY MAGIC. I COULD ALL TOO EASILY END UP STRAPPED TO A LAB TABLE. IF HE GETS TOO CURIOUS FOR MY OWN GOOD, HOW CAN I STOP HIM?!

GEEZ ... THAT IS A PROBLEM...
I'VE BEEN RACKING MY BRAINS FOR A WAY OUT, BUT...
... LAURA ....
- I THINK I JUST MIGHT HAVE THE ANSWER!
...TO BE CONTINUED!